

A
Page
for
Men.

THE SUNDAY WORLD
TO-MORROW WILL PRESENT A
PAGE OF MATTER OF SPECIAL
INTEREST TO MEN, THEIR
YAKS, THEIR WEAKNESSES
AND THEIR WISDOMS. IT WILL
BE A NOVELTY THAT
WIDE AWAKE WORLD
READERS WILL APPRECIATE.

The EVENING Color World.

Russell
Sage.
John
Wanamaker.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

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EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. ALL DOWN BUT ONE.

Outlaws Compelled to Close Their
Infamous Resorts.

Even Defiant Carey Welch Is
Losing His Nerve.

His Dive Annex Was Shut Up Early
Last Night.

Reputable Liquor Dealers Declare
in Favor of "The Evening
World's" Crusade.

NEW YORK'S OUTLAWS.

[A Table Subject to Daily Change.]
BILLY MCGILLY. In the Penitentiary.
TOM GOULD.

In Temporary Retirement.
FRANK STEVENSON. In Hiding.
THE LIVINGSTONS. Closed.
JIM MCCORMICK. Dive Annex Closed.
JIM SULLIVAN. Dive Annex Closed.
"HONEST" JOHN KELLY. Dive Annex Closed.
PICKWICK SCRIBNER. Dive Annex Closed.
CAREY WELCH. Running on Half Time.

One man sent to prison for a year, seven others forced to abandon their disreputable traffic, and one, originally the most defiant of the rascals, weakening so far as to keep his den open for only twelve hours out of the twenty-four, is the record to date of THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade against the outlaws of New York.

"Honest" John Kelly's eyes were opened yesterday to the full meaning of the dictum, "The outlaws must go." He had responded to the dive annex at the corner of 38th avenue and "Thirty-first" street on the supposition that the assurances of his distinguished consideration and esteem for THE EVENING WORLD would serve to shield him from further exposure. Mr. Kelly discovered upon reading THE EVENING WORLD'S exposure yesterday that he was mistaken, and the key was promptly turned in the lock of his assistant-room for a third time. That room was dark and deserted last night.

Mr. Jim McCormick, Mr. Kelly's near neighbor, did not attempt to make good the bluff that he would remain in his place last night. The continued assault of THE EVENING WORLD on the immorality upon which he has been thriving convinced him that it would be perilous to resume, and so his back rooms remained closed and his following of crooks took another night off.

Even Mr. Carey Welch, proprietor of "The Hole in the Wall," lost his nerve last night. He has been the boldest and most open offender against law and decency. A few days ago he boastfully declared that he was running a "square joint" which couldn't be closed by any newspaper in the city, or words to that effect.

The information conveyed to him in yesterday's EVENING WORLD that he was likely to be the next outlaw on the list to receive attention at the hands of the present Grand Jury was a severe shock to his nervous system. And when he read in the same issue that his fellow outlaw, Mr. Billy McGilly, had been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary and a fine of \$300 besides for having conducted a "square joint" no more notorious than his own, Mr. Welch's vaunted courage collapsed.

He sought consolation and comfort from his intimates, and was unable to decide until after 6 o'clock in the evening just what he ought to do. His boasts had been so many and so big and so widely circulated that to close his resort would be to invite the taunts and set himself up as a target for the ridicule of the habitués of his place.

But fear of the law finally overcame his fear of jibes, and his dive was cleared of his patrons. The "Hole in the Wall" was tightly closed at midnight. Mr. Welch has weakened, but that fact doesn't inspire him against a fate similar to McGilly's.

Frank Stevenson's "Slide" is still closed, and his proprietor is still in hiding. He is not likely to resume business in New York.

Proprietor Scribner, of the Pickwick, also closed the rooms back of his saloon, where crooks and abandoned women have been wont to congregate. The glare of THE EVENING WORLD'S search-light hurt Mr. Scribner's eyesight and his business.

The Excise Exchange and Mr. Jim Sullivan's "Fairy's Hotel" also attempted to do business on the old plan, and the thugs and thieves who frequent these places found themselves without shelter.

The maximum penalty for maintaining disorderly places of the sort conducted by these outlaws is imprisonment for one year and a fine of \$500. As the men whose names appear in the table printed above are old offenders, all are pretty certain, when brought to account, to suffer the full extent of the law.

Reputable liquor dealers are pleased to see the general attitude of the success that has so far attended THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade against the outlaws. President Padan, of the central liquor, wine and beer dealers' association, indorses the stand taken by THE EVENING WORLD, and his views are shared by other members of the association, who declare that the illegal traffic has been carried on by the outlaws has unjustly brought honest

men engaged in the liquor business into disrepute. The outlaws must go. The outlaws, in fact, are going.

OUTLAWS LYING LOW.
Even Defiant Carey Welch Shows Signs of Weakening.

For the first time since THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade was begun the outlet of outlaws who have frequently defied law, decency and public sentiment all had their places tightly closed at 1 o'clock this morning. This fact accounts for the several changes today in THE EVENING WORLD'S table.

Mr. Carey Welch, the former proprietor of the old "Golden Horn" on Thirtieth street and the present keeper of the "Hole in the Wall" on Fourth avenue near Thirtieth street, at the outset snatched his fingers at THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade against him and others of his ilk, but he has weakened.

Although his place was open for business as usual early last evening the effect of yesterday's exposure was plainly apparent, and an air of quietude pervaded the place at midnight. The few people in the place were as gloomy as chief mourners at a funeral, and the gray-whiskered pianist almost shed tears. What few women wandered into the dive last night. There was "no business" at all for them.

WELCH CLOSING HIS DEN.
Their disgust was shared by no less a personage than Mr. Welch himself, who, shortly after midnight, ordered the place closed up.

There was no mistake about its being closed either. At 12:30 both the front door and the back entrance were tightly locked, the front curtains were drawn and a solitary gas jet revealed a deserted and sepulchral-looking barroom.

Almost the same state of affairs existed at "Fairy's Hotel," 78 Third avenue, kept by Mr. Welch's former partner, Mr. Jim Sullivan.

At 12:30 the front door was tightly locked, the front curtains were drawn and a solitary gas jet revealed a deserted and sepulchral-looking barroom.

The assignment-room, however, was tightly closed, as it has been for several nights, and not even the solitary blonde who entertained a select few on Thursday night in the little room just back of the bar honored the establishment with her presence last evening.

Mr. Jim Sullivan's expression, which ordinarily rivals Tom Gould's in brilliancy, looked lustre last evening.

Over on Sixth avenue there was the same dearth of "enthusiasm." At Kelly's there was an attempt to be merry over a huge cake that had been won by Dandy Jack, "Honest" John's ebony-lured waiter, at Polo Jim's cake-walk at Wendell's Assembly Rooms the night before.

The cake was a beauty from a culinary point of view, and it was admitted that Dandy Jack was the champion cake walker of the town, but all this little pleasantries failed to cheer "Honest" John. Dandy Jack's cake, which to others was a thing of beauty, was to him a silent admonition that his own cake was "doughy."

MR. KELLY'S DIVE ANNEX CLOSED.
Mr. Kelly's dive annex closed last night and he had apparently reconsidered his determination to keep his dive annex open. To be sure, the room was open for a few minutes last night, but not a woman was to be seen there, and Dandy Jack's party form in the doorway was a standing menace to any female who was rash enough to attempt to enter.

At 1 o'clock this morning "Honest" John closed his saloon and proceeded to devote his entire attention to his gambling-room upstairs.

THE PICKWICK'S ANNEX ALSO SHUT DOWN.
The wave of reform also extended upward as far as the Pickwick, on Broadway, near Thirty-sixth street, where Proprietor Scribner has been running his "decent" place in defiance of public opinion and personal disrepute.

He came to his senses last night, however, and for the first time in many months the "Family Entrance" was locked and barred and the assignment-room, so far as its original intentions and purposes were concerned, was closed.

There were a few male patrons at the bar, but they soon got disgusted with the monotonous menu of entertainment provided and left. Scribner himself became disheartened after a little, and at 12:40 this morning the Pickwick suspended business entirely for the night.

MAC'S BLUFF NOT MADE GOOD.
There was a rush to Mr. McCormick's resort, near Kelly's, last night, doubtless because of Mac's bluff to reopen, but the first female to reach the den learned to her disgust that the notorious annex was closed and that Mac's plans had miscarried.

Mac himself was not visible last evening, and there was an unconfirmed rumor about the place that he was home leaving for his brother's temples. He had indulged a trifle too freely Thursday night after his declaration to reopen his den.

It is a pity, too, that he wasn't there, for he missed seeing his partner in dress, Mr. McGilly, who called to offer his sincere condolences and regrets to Mr. McCormick in this hour of need.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.
It was natural for Mr. Davis to go on a still hunt for sympathy, and the spectacle was so pathetic that the EVENING WORLD reporter withdrew so as not to interfere with Mr. Davis's chances of getting all the sympathy he wanted.

Mr. Davis's presence on the street at 11 o'clock is almost worthy of being recorded as one of the most unusual events of this great city.

At that hour, however, he was generally on duty at the Excise Exchange, on the Bowery, which called to offer his sincere condolences and regrets to Mr. McCormick in this hour of need.

MANAGER DAVIS'S OCCUPATION GONE.
But since THE EVENING WORLD'S search-light struck 303 Bowery there has been no need of Mr. Davis's services as a cashier in the foul-smelling back room.

For two nights the Excise Exchange has been closed to the patrons who formerly frequented it. The bar room alone has been open, and even there business has been so dull that Barkeeper Jack Shannon is actually getting lousy.

Last night the only patrons of the den were half a dozen thugs and crooks, who passed restfully at the long room full of emptiness and the chairs piled high up on the tables,

and then cursed the luck that kept fish out of their nets.

At 1 o'clock Barkeeper Jack, sharing in the disgust of his patrons, asked all hands to take a parting drink, and the den that until Thursday night never knew a closing hour was shut up tight for the night.

"THE SLIDE'S" DOORS STILL CLOSED.
Away down to Riecker street "The Slide" was still in gloom and darkness. Not a sign of life has been exhibited there since Frank Stevenson closed the den tight on Tuesday night and then went into hiding.

The snow that fell on the steps Wednesday has not yet been removed, and this with the footprints of the people who have vainly tried to gain admission, show plainly that words that "The Slide" is no longer "in it."

A SORRY STORY FOR CROOKS.
The same state of things existed at Tom Gould's basement resort at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. It has been tightly closed since John J. Wagon, the "dummy" proprietor, made a brutal assault on gambler Joe Selling Christmas morning and was promptly shot dead.

At the former rendezvous all closed against them was a sorry sight for the crooks and their female confederates who depend on the badger and panel games or the occasional booting of a drunken victim in highway robbery for their precarious living.

They littered about corners and sheltered in doorways, meeting with poor success in obtaining prey, for while some men are willing to risk against these creatures in the shelter of a secluded assignment-room, few are rash enough to risk being seen on the streets with them.

But the assignment-rooms were closed last night, and in consequence these poor creatures of caprice early abandoned the avenues and went home in disgust.

WANT OUTLAWS DRIVEN OUT.

Reputable Liquor-Dealers Indorse "The Evening World's" Crusade.

The reputable liquor-dealers of New York are all cordially in sympathy with THE EVENING WORLD in its great crusade against the outlaws of New York.

They are watching the progress of the fight to close up these denizens of the street with interest, and many of them are doing so. The respectable liquor-dealers of New York are all cordially in sympathy with THE EVENING WORLD in its great crusade against the outlaws of New York.

It is a matter, they say, in which they are deeply interested, both individually and collectively, because it is owing to the open and disgraceful violation of the law by these men that the entire trade in this city has been brought into disrepute.

It is humiliating to them, they say, to be classed with such men as Billy McGilly and Tom Gould, and it is a very large portion of the public have cause to regard them in such a light, for in the eyes of the Excise Board they are apparently treated with no greater favor or consideration.

The Central Liquor-Dealers' Association of this city, has a membership of about three hundred, and was organized for the purpose of mutual protection. Its officers are men of high standing in the trade, and no one is admitted to membership unless it is known that he conducts his business in a thoroughly legitimate way and with due regard to the law in every particular.

HOPES "THE EVENING WORLD" WILL CLOSE THEM.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter called upon a number of the prominent men in this association today and obtained from several of them frank and open expressions of their views upon this subject. They are all enthusiastically in favor of suppressing the illegal traffic of the outlaws dens, and look with gratification for a successful termination of THE EVENING WORLD'S efforts to close up all of the evil resorts which it has so fearlessly and persistently attacked.

William A. Padan, of Nineteenth street and First avenue, who has been for four years the President of the Association, said:

"I am heartily glad that THE EVENING WORLD has taken up this matter of the outlaws' dens at last, and I sincerely hope it will close the doors of every one of them. They are a disgrace to the city and should not be permitted to exist, much less be licensed to carry on their infamous and criminal traffic."

"This is the right way to go about it. Let the people know what sort of places are being run in this city under the guise of respectable licensed liquor stores and there will soon be a public demand for their suppression that cannot be resisted."

"Our Association is formed for the purpose of securing protection to honest and law-abiding citizens who are engaged in the liquor business, and I claim that it is as legitimate and respectable a business as any other."

OUTLAWS BARRED FROM MEMBERSHIP.
Such men as McGilly, Gould, Stevenson and the others could not get into our Association, and it is not fair that our business should be judged by the practices of such professional law-breakers as these."

"Yes, before the Excise Board we all stand on a par, and it would come with a very bad grace for any of us to go before that Board and demand that a license should be refused to any one simply because it might be used as means to run a disreputable place. When there is evidence, however, that the law is being violated it is time to call a halt, and licenses for such places should be taken away immediately."

"It is not our business to go around and gather evidence against these places, but we should be very glad to see the proper authorities take the matter up and see that justice is done not only to our trade but to the entire community."

"In my opinion a liquor dealer should run his business in such a way that a man who comes into his place would be as sure there from violence or ill-treatment as in his own home."

"That is the way I have run my business right here for twenty-eight years, and I have never had a particle of trouble with the police or any one else. That is the way every respectable liquor dealer conducts his business, simply reports for the criminal classes."

"These outlaws' dens are simply resorts for criminals and crooks of every description. Men are enticed into them for purposes of robbery if they are known to have money about them."

"Drugging the liquor they drink in order to stupefy them and make it more easy to rob them of their valuables is one of the regular practices of such resorts, and if they are able to secure a license to sell liquor it is only for the purpose of keeping the evil crowd together. If they can't get a license, they

sell their stuff anyhow, and take the chances of being caught."

"I think I can speak for every member of our Association when I say that they would be glad to co-operate in any way with THE EVENING WORLD for the rooting out of these dens of vice and iniquity."

Another prominent member of the Liquor Dealers' Association is Morris Tekulsky, of 113 Park Row.

DOESN'T REGARD THEM AS LIQUOR DEALERS.
He does not regard men of the McGilly and Gould stamp as liquor dealers at all," he said.

"Dive-keepers is the only name that applies to them. Selling the vile stuff which they call liquor in their places is only a means to an end that is to keep a gang of thugs, pickpockets, crooks and lewd women together and enable them to rob and fleece unsuspecting persons whom they are able to lure into their resorts."

"I most emphatically declare that such places are a serious injury to the law-respecting liquor dealers of New York, and the public knowing the illegal traffic is being carried on openly in these dens, it casts a reflection on every man engaged in the liquor trade."

WELCH APPROVES OF "THE EVENING WORLD'S" CRUSADE.
"That is the reason why I say we are all in favor of closing them up and why we heartily approve of the fight which THE EVENING WORLD is waging against them. Usually we do not go outside of our own organization in our efforts to see that reputable liquor dealers have their rights. It is not part of our policy to interfere in special cases when licenses are granted to persons who appear to apply for them in good faith."

"This is a matter, however, in which we are all so vitally interested that we cannot withhold our sympathy and co-operation in the present fight. So far as moral support goes, at any rate, THE EVENING WORLD is certain to receive a full measure of it from our Association."

"TURN ON THE SEARCH-LIGHTS."
"Turn on the search-lights, and it will not be long before the proper authorities will be compelled to take action."

Bernard F. Kearns, who is the proprietor of several large liquor stores in various parts of the city, and who for two years was President of the State Liquor Dealers' Association, as well as at the head of the local organization, was vigorous in his denunciation

of the outlaws, and expressed his cordial sympathy with the movement inaugurated by THE EVENING WORLD to expose their infamous practices and stamp their foul resorts out of existence.

"I agree with everything that my friends and associates have said in regard to these places," he declared, "and can only reiterate their views upon the subject."

"Every honest and self-respecting liquor dealer in this town would be only too glad to see these dens suppressed and the liquor trade regulated in such a manner that it would be impossible for them to exist, much less thrive and prosper as they do at present."

A DUBIOUS TO THE CITY.

"I must say that it is a disgrace to our city that such a den of iniquity and lawlessness should be permitted to go on, and that the liquor trade is being carried on in such a manner that it is impossible for them to exist, much less thrive and prosper as they do at present."

"We make an earnest protest against such impudent and lawless conduct, and we speedily say 'No' to it. It is doing nobly and deserves success."

BABY RUTH CHRISTENED.

Simple Ceremony at the Lakewood Home of the Cleveland.

Despatches from Lakewood, N. J., describe the christening of ex-President Cleveland's little daughter. The event took place Thursday afternoon, in the parlor of Mr. Cleveland's residence.

Rev. Dr. Wilton North Smith, of the Central Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh street, officiated at the christening, which was attended by a large number of guests.

Little Miss Ruth received many presents.

French Ironclads Ordered to Proceed to Morocco.

Paris, Jan. 8.—The Echo de Paris to-day says that Admiral Recour, commander of the French Squadron, navy in the Gulf of Juan, has ordered several ironclads to proceed to Morocco.

WHAT RUSSELL SAGE IS.

THE GREAT FINANCIER AT CLOSE RANGE—A CAREFUL STUDY OF THE MAN FOR WHOM A NEW CRIME WAS INVENTED.

HOW WANAMAKER WORKS.

JULIAN HANFORTH INTERVIEWS THE POSTMASTER GENERAL—PROPOSED REFORM WHICH WILL BE APPRECIATED—A MAN WHO DOES A VAST AMOUNT OF GOOD—HE IS AN AMBITION TO HAVE THE NAME OF BEING THE BEST OF THE POSTMASTER GENERALS—WITH PORTRAIT.

WHAT OUR "RULERS" SAY.

EXCISE COMMISSIONER MEAKIN INTERVIEWED BY THE POSTMASTER GENERAL—AND USUALLY HARSH—A TETOTALITER AT THE HEAD OF THE EXCISE COMMISSION—THE INQUIRY THAT NAUGHTS DO A TETOTALITER REASON—DRIVES TO WHICH MEN RESORT TO PROCURE LIQUOR LICENSES.

A TRAIN DISPATCHER'S DAY.

HOW HE MANAGES HIS UNUSUAL LEVIES, AND THE MANNER OF HIS WORK—A TELEPHONE, OPERATES A TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT AND KEEPS A GENERAL BUSY FOR EIGHT HOURS A DAY.

MR. BOWSER GETS THE GRIP.

QUAD TELLS HOW THE SHIVERS LAID THE OLD GENTLEMAN LOW—A NABBY PAMBY DISEASE THAT NO PERSON OF ANY BRIGHTNESS OF CHARACTER HAS EVER HAD—AND YET IT BROKE UP WITH HIM—DOWN MR. BOWSER'S BACK AND RAISED HAYO WITH HIM FOR A WEEK.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

WOMEN GIVE THEIR IDEAS OF THE END OF TIME—INTERESTING OPINIONS ON A GREAT QUESTION FROM BRAINY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SEX.

NEW YORK WORKING-WOMEN.

THEY DISCUSS AFFAIRS OF THE DAY IN THEIR OWN CLUB—JUST LIKE MEN—A BRIGHT DESCRIPTION OF A CLUB MEETING.

HAPPY LITTLE CHILDREN.

THEIR PAGE TO-MORROW IS A MODEL—IT CONTAINS WIDE STORIES, FAIRY STORIES, PICTURES, LETTERS AND A BRIGHT THING THAT WILL DELIGHT THE HEARTS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

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M'GLORY IN STRIPES.

Taken to the Island To-Day to Serve Twelve Months.

One of Fourteen Convicts in the Black Maria.

The Ex-Dive-Keeper Was Surly, Dejected and Silent.

"Mr. William Henry McGilly, Blackwell's Island." That is the present address of the ex-proprietor of Amory Hall and ex-manager of the Hotel Irving.

Convict WILLIAM MCGILLY.

Convict McGilly breakfasted on scrambled eggs, brown bread and coffee with Warden Fallon at the Tombs this morning, and at 10 o'clock he took his departure for the abode which will be his for the rest of the quadrimestral year.

The man who kept a "square joint" was not in a pleasant frame of mind when an EVENING WORLD representative sent in his card at 9:30 o'clock.

Mr. McGilly occupied a ground floor "room" last night, and the reporter could hear the message that he returned by the teller at the Hotel Tombs. It was a curt refusal to see the reporter.

Presently Deputy Sheriff James Cassidy and James Lynch drove up to the courtyard entrance to the Tombs. They had a spanking team of bays attached to the wine-colored vehicle previously called the Black Maria. The carriage has no windows and only one door. That door is at the rear, and may be double-bolted and padlocked.

The conveyance will hold fourteen passengers quite comfortably on the seats that range the two sides. It is ventilated by shutters near the roof, but it is quite dark inside.

The deputy sheriffs had a bundle of papers, and Keeper Lynch called out the names of fourteen prisoners.

The first was that of William McGilly. There was the click of a lock, and a tall, middle-aged man stepped into the carriage, wearing a blue overcoat buttoned up to the chin, a freshly ignited cigar in his mouth, and a stern, forbidding expression upon his face.

Mr. McGilly was in an unforbearing frame of mind, and he not only refused to speak or even look at the reporter, but a lawyer who approached him was rudely repulsed. The lawyer afterwards confided to THE EVENING WORLD man that:

"That fellow is the worst and most ungrateful man I ever knew. Here I and another lawyer have been working all night long for him at the request of his wife and how he won't give up a cent."

"Say," whispered the lawyer, "I've got a stay for that thing, signed by a Justice of the Supreme Court, but he didn't get it. I'll see him—yes, I will, before he gets it."

The reporter then looked at the fourteen convicts stood in line, their backs against the cells.

Then the deputies took seven pairs of steel handcuffs from off the railing where